

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Creole and Puritan

A Character Study in Three Parts.

By T. C. De LEON.

PART III.—UNDER SHADOW OF THE SPHINX

Again Latour, almost reluctantly, called upon his horse. A brief burst of speed, with laboring flanks and straining muscles. Then he drew rein again, the escort not six hundred yards away. But the soldier's eyes were not on them. They blazed steadily upon the sheik, and through the blinding light of battle, and through the set teeth came the muttered words: "Only one man—an old one, too!"

Closer sweeps the mare in circling swoop! Still in his steady stride the stately horse bears on his double burden.

Closer still, faint cries of Arabs cheering their chief's triumph; and Ahmed drops his leveled carbine, useless at that distance.

So close now the snap of the fluttering bournous is plain to Edith's ear, his dark face plain to both, as the sheik leans over his mare's neck and digs sharp stirrups into her sides.

To Ahmed's straining eyes the mare and horse seem in collision.

But Latour's eyes gleam into the Arab's, his left hand firm upon the rein, his right poised on the heavy pistol.

Ten yards—five yards! The gleaming spear head close to Latour's breast; the sinewy left arm stretched to grasp his prey!

Suddenly the white horse recoils, flat upon his haunches, the flying forms brushing his forehead as they rush by.

With lightning movement rises the pistol in the Creole's strong right hand. He lunges forward, and the butt crashes full upon the sheik's left temple!

On speeds the desert mare! Lower and lower upon her shoulder sinks the limp rider, falling at last prone upon the sand.

PART III.—CHAPTER VII.
THE LETTER THAT CAME.

With a low cry the woman sank upon her knees.

The cavalry had deployed in open skirmish line, their spears unchecked, and ere the foremost Arab had reared up to the fallen sheik and helped him rise, Said's stride had borne his riders through its lines.

The rally sounded; Ahmed was by his commander's side, crying devoutly: "Allah kerim!" ("God is great!")—adding in French, "Madame is safe—perfectly, I hope!"

But Lady Martindale, even as she answered that she was, pressed her hand quickly to her side.

"How thoughtful I am!" Latour exclaimed, and he spoke in Arabic to his orderly, who vaulted from saddle and knelt on one knee by her side.

Edith placed her foot upon the Syrian's knee and stepped to the sand, but his heat blistered her feet, and, dizzy, she reeled and pressed her hand again on her side.

Latour sprang from his saddle and supported her as he cried:

"To think that I forgot your head was bare!"

Hastily untwisting the veil from his helmet he fashioned it into a light turban, while the orderly, unrolling the canteen blanket, improvised a side saddle by twisting it about the pommel.

"I fear we are making a soldier of you too fast," Latour said. "But there is no shade nearer than the Tombs, and this is the best hat we can offer."

He lifted her to the saddle, with a faint smile for thanks, as Ahmed poured some cognac from a very Parisian flask, daintily with water from the orderly's canteen. Hot as the mixture was Edith drank the stimulant eagerly. Then she turned to Latour, saying low, in English:

"I owe you more than life! But it is very sweet to owe everything to you! How did you know?"

"I did not know, only guessed," he answered simply. "Those Arabs last night, Harris' riderless horse—Oh! captain, he interrupted himself, "send two men to scout the Shoubra road and notify Lord Martindale."

"And Harris' Edith asked in French: "Is he safe?"

Ahmed answered that he had sent him to Cairo behind a trooper, exhausted, but not hurt.

"Poor fellow! he fought desperately for me," she added. "He knocked down the Arab who seized my bridle, and another, before they struck him from his horse with a lance butt! Oh, how much my rashness has risked for you all!"

They were galloping toward the Tombs, one of the officers on either hand of the lady.

"It was a bold play for ransom, Ahmed," Latour said, "to capture Lady Martindale in the very shadow of the citadel. We shall have to teach these Bedouins a lesson."

pout more war, and banishment for me, to Fozzough!"

Latour smiled at his junior's indorsement of his own view; but he spoke no more until the Tombs were reached, and blankets spread for the lady, on the very spot where she had stood the previous night. And soon after Lord Martindale rode up to the spot. He was badly wilted; and he rode ungracefully, though safely, with short stirrups and a stooping seat.

"So you found her, really?" he said, dismounting, to Latour and the young Turk. "Thanks! Awfully good of you to take the trouble! Don't let her ride she must have had, though! As for Harris, you know, I'll discharge the boobey."

"The 'booby' acted like a man!" Lady Martindale said coldly, overhearing only the last words, and Latour, awaking to sudden anxiety as to their condition, strode off to the horses, leaving husband and wife alone.

Lord Martindale did not greet his spouse with much effusion. An American would have rushed upon her, and a resounding kiss would have smacked on the desert air. A Frenchman would have clasped her to his breast, held her off at arm's length and scattered to wind of profusely about the ruined Tombs.

Lord Martindale loved Edith with an idolatrous worship, but her over-impetuous habit, with strange whims more apparent of later months, had forced him to the defensive. And now he only said, as he pulled his damp whiskers:

"Glad you are safe, my lady, really! Deuced strange freak though, and rather indecorous, I must say!"

A hot flush mounted to the woman's face. Her eyes quickly assured her that Latour was out of earshot; and the gleam in them grew cold as the ring in her voice that answered:

"It becomes the delicacy of the seven-tenth Lord Martindale to greet his wife with a reproach, after leaving it to strangers to rescue her from deadly peril."

"Deadly stuff!" responded his lordship, with more candor than courtesy. "You've upset the garrison and made a nasty mess, you know. But where 'peril' comes in, I can't see, really!"

"Of course not; you rarely do see!" the woman rejoined slowly. "But it was natural that there should be peril, and equally natural that you—should avoid it!"

The Englishman's red face grew scarlet at the unjust taunt; but he controlled himself by a strong effort as he answered: "Edith! You know you do not mean!"

"Precisely what I say," she interrupted quickly, but coolly. "I was captured by Arabs, torn from my horse, insulted! God only knows what the end might not have been, but for the man who rescued me!"

Over his lordship's face incredulity, anxiety, joy, rapidly chased each other. He made as if he would speak; but he wavered, replacing anger, kept back the words.

"However, my Lord Martindale," the woman went on quietly, but with a sneer in the low voice, "you have to thank him for more than that. Had he not been the Arabs would have made you—pay ransom!"

The man caught quick breath and stared at her a second before the cruel force of the insult struck him. Then the red surge swept over his face again, dropping suddenly out of it and leaving him ghastly pale. But he raised his head with quiet dignity, and only said:

"Enough of this, Lady Martindale!"

"I am charmed that you agree with me—for once," she answered in a voice that might have spoken society commonplace in Vanity Fair. "Indeed, there has been not only enough, but too much of this—as I have urged when suggesting a separation. When I urged this before you called it a whim. But it is to your interest to listen now. You have said that my indecency compromises you here. You had best be careful that more than that does not compromise you before your peers! Col. Latour!"—she raised her voice, calling quietly and cheerfully, "Lord Martindale thinks we should not detain you longer, and I am quite rested now."

The Englishman spoke no word. He lifted his wife courteously, even tenderly, to the improvised saddle. To Latour's query about his side of the quest, the peer replied:

"Struck the Shoubra road and could see no living thing; headed north again, when a tall Arab rode toward me from this direction, you know. The beggar was making signals. Couldn't speak any language, you see; but his pantomime would have shamefully Drury Lane, really. Why, he actually asked if I was looking for a lady and a groom; and before I could answer told me they had ridden to the Shoubra palace. So off I galloped one way and he the other."

"Clever rascals, these Bedouins," Latour said with a smile. "That was the same fellow I saw at the Tombs; but he took me for a native."

"Sharp dealer, though," his lordship said. "And I gave the beggar a liberal bauchschick, too."

"What a pity!"

"The words were naturally spoken; but Lady Martindale gave one quick flash of her eyes into her husband's that bawled him out of the conversation until they reached the hotel entrance. Then Latour said to the lady:

"How wonderfully you have borne the heat, fatigue and danger! And you have eaten nothing since!"

He interrupted himself to throw his arm suddenly around her. Lady Martindale, with perversity truly feminine, had reeled in her saddle as he spoke; and he caught her just as she slid from it in a dead faint.

"I can carry her," Lord Martindale said, blantly, springing from his horse. He took her in his arms as though she were an infant, but with the tenderness of a mother's touch and with a great love softening his face. But the Briton's horror of a scene in public rose even then, and he passed rapidly through the few sleepy donkey boys, alone visible at that hour.

Reaching Lady Martindale's apartments, they were found open, but Pearson, her maid, absent; and Latour—who followed, pale but very calm—rang fiercely for her.

"It is nothing, my lord—only a faint

from over excitement," Latour said, feeling for the missing pulse anxiously. "You had best cut the laces of her habit. Have you any ammonia?"

"Some in this chloroform, too," he answered, hugging a heavy traveling case onto the marble slab. But it was locked; and the heavy habit resisted his strength. A pair of scissors were forced under it; the lock yielded with a loud snap. Unbalanced by the recoil, it slid from the table with a heavy thud, sending toilet bottles rolling over the rug. The force of the fall burst a locked portfolio flap, also; and letters, cards and photographs scattered about the floor.

But the ammonia was found, and gradually the blood began to show under the pallid olive of her skin. Then the heavy eyelids grew tremulous and a shivering sigh parted the pursed lips; but the skin white hand the soldier's chafed gave no returning thanks!"

"Has she been subject to these turns?" he asked Lord Martindale, who was hastily unscrewing stoppers and sniffing at the bottles.

"Scarcely; once before—at Paris, after one of our opera suppers with Gen. Everett. Here's the chloroform."

He poured the fluid liberally upon a handkerchief, and was about to place it to her lips as Sir Roger Arnyffe pushed aside the portiere and hastily entered the room, most apropos.

The surgeon quickly tested pulse and temperature. Then more anxiously he tried the heart, saying abruptly:

"Have you used that stuff?—I stuff! Not then throw that handkerchief out of the window. Hand me that ammonia. Cut her stays and get her to bed; we must get her heart action regular again."

Latour waited in the outer room until Sir Roger came out and said:

"She is over it now; quite herself and breathing easily. She sends you word to go to breakfast, as your last words she heard reminded her that none of you had had any."

The Creole marched over to his own quarters and promptly swallowed a heavy draught of cognac. Fastening since yesterday's dinner anxiety and exercise made even his iron nerves shaky enough to need the unusual stimulant. Then a hasty tub, a few brief orders for the day, and he threw himself upon his bed.

The furnace heat of Egyptian high noon poured down without, but within the windows closed at dawn retained the coolness of the night air. Only faint sounds crept in from street or court below, mingling soothingly with the bubbling of Latour's water pipe. Soon its tube slipped from his fingers, and he slept heavily and dreamlessly.

It was near sunset when he awoke from long, refreshing sleep. Then he dined hastily and walked to the hotel.

"My ladyship is much better," Lord Martindale replied to his anxious query.

"Sir Roger said it was nervous exhaustion—heat and excitement, you know. Deuced glad you came, though. The comel general is very urgent for me to come and give him details of the capture; and I must keep the thing out of the papers, really."

"I have nothing to do, and will stay here gladly," Latour answered quickly. But his heart beat faster, and his lips almost formed the words that rushed to them as the other turned away:

"Poor devil! He loves her, too!"

"Shan't be gone long," Lord Martindale said at the door. Then he turned suddenly, adding, "By Jove! I almost forgot this, really!" He drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Latour, face upward.

"The seal must have broken with the fall. Devilish forgetful in Lady Martindale, though. Capable, don't you see? It was in that portfolio I burst!"

Latour took the letter carefully. But as his eye caught the well-known signet the color left his face, and the other's chance words of that noon echoed in his brain and numbed his heart.

"I heard, effortful voice he began: 'I meant to ask if, while in Paris, you saw much of— But I will not detain you now.'"

Though stunned by a sudden doubt of her his chivalrous sense dominated him. He refused to arraign, even in his own mind, the helpless, suffering woman there, who had yielded so much for love of him.

Lord Martindale stared, then left the room without reply. Latour stood perfectly still, looking closely at the seal. Then he turned the letter over and read the address, "For Col. Adrien Latour, Bey, Army of the Khedive, Cairo, Egypt," and in the corner, "Courtesy of Lady Martindale."

There could be no error. The letter was for him; directed in the clear, firm writing of Duke Everett!

A gasping breath escaped his lips. Through his mind flashed the fact that she had been two weeks in Egypt—ten days of them constantly with him. Over his face doubt, wonderment and pain chased one another and in his ears sounded clear her words at Sultan Berge's tomb, "Not he never mentioned your name!"

And over as their echo came her husband's words at noon, "After one of our opera suppers with Gen. Everett."

Then he turned the letter over. The seal's thin clasping ring at West Point—was not broken, as the other man had said. It was perfect, every line of the signet clear, even the edges of the wax unsplit.

But the letter was opened! Some sharpest instrument had passed beneath the seal! And again the man's eyes contempt struggling with wonderment in them—sought the doorway of the next room. Yet again his nobler nature, his lifelong trust that "good blood cannot lie," besides his tenderness for the woman who loved him so sincerely but so well, pleaded for her.

"Pshaw! I am a weak boy!" he muttered. "The letter itself will explain this and its detention by her. Some cant, I warrant, to explain his cowardly wrong to the girl he swore he loved!"

With half smile still in his eyes he slipped the letter from the envelope and began to read. It was long and closely written, but from first line to last it held him spellbound. Eagerly he read those pages to the very last word. Then he began and read them more slowly; this time but one expression on his face, the reflection of a joy tender, deep and calm. And long after they ceased reading that light still shone on the page from eyes that rested on the long loved signature in deepest reverie.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

Eggs from hens not in company with cocks have been found to keep very much longer than those from hens mated with cocks. In summer, after hatching is over, remove the males, as the hens will lay as well without them.

A \$15,000 PICK UP.

A Well Known Daitonian Makes a Big Hunt

FROM THE HONDURAS NATIONAL LOTTERY DRAWING.

Mr. W. H. Pruden, of Dalton, Ga., a Ticket for His Wife and Makes a \$15,000 Drawing.

Dalton, Ga., June 18.—(Special.)—In a plain, unpicturesque one-story brick building, on one of the side streets of Dalton, Ga., Pruden & Lytle, insurance agents, have their office. Mr. Pruden, of the firm, is a remarkable man. He is perhaps fifty years old, with gray mustache and beard, and looks at you with a pair of eyes almost keen enough to read one's soul. He has the reputation of being the best financier in Dalton and has, for a number of years, been a member and chairman of the finance committee, both of which offices he now holds. He is held in high esteem by all who know him, and has never been beaten for an office within the city. Among other honors conferred upon him was that of being elected mayor. Many a man who had been successful in life, if suddenly thrown into possession of one fifth of the capital price of the Honduras National Lottery (Louisiana State Lottery) would have been driven by some one in the town (and called simply).

The Commercial correspondent, therefore, had small hopes of getting much information when he asked Mr. Pruden if he really had won the money from the New Orleans National bank.

"No, sir! I did not get it. I wish I had," he answered. "We have absolute proof that you drew and lost the money from the New Orleans National bank."

"I do not deny that, but I got it for some one else and not myself. I simply acted as agent in the matter."

"How did you get the money then?"

"I do not care to say."

"Does the party reside in Dalton?"

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IMMENSE BELTS.

One of the Marvels of the Midwinter Fair.

One of the marvels of the late Midwinter Fair was the immense energy used to maintain the wonderful machinery in Machinery Hall in motion. After the generation of power, this energy was credited to the immense belt which conveyed the power from the engine to the machinery in all parts of the hall. These immense belts were one of the marvels of the show. They were all made of leather, and thousands of people who saw them work could not realize that they were really made of leather.

These belts were made for the fair and secured a special award, which is the highest that could be given. They are known as the Star Brand Dynamo belt and the manufacturer is L. P. Degan, 128 and 130 First street, San Francisco. Mr. Degan also made other belts, for Buckingham & Hecht, Baker & Sons, and the jute mills at the State penitentiary.

In every place they have been highly praised, but especially at the Midwinter fair, where the experienced engineers consider them the finest belts they ever used.

Returning from the Honey-moon—He (angrily) "Why do people stare at us so?" She—Probably wondering, as we are, why we married each other.

THE NURSE'S DELIGHT.

Every experienced nurse knows the value of a remedy which, without being an anodyne, will relieve soreness of the limbs or stiffness of the joints, and enable a patient to sleep quietly and naturally.

Just such a remedy are ALCOCK'S PAIN EXTRACTS. Placed on the chest or on the back, if necessary cut into strips and placed over the muscles of the limbs, they work marvels in the way of soothing and quieting restlessness. Being perfectly simple and harmless in their composition, they can be used freely, and many a sufferer has thanked them for a night of quiet rest, grateful both to him and those who care for him.

BRANDY'S PAINS do not weaken the bowels.

Give to man the most of the banana and he does not care if the skin of it kills somebody else.

BRACE THE NERVES.

Scintillations and opiates won't do it. These nerves do not make the nerves strong, and failing to do this fails short of producing the essential of their quiescence—vigilance. And while in extreme cases—and these only—of nervous irritation such drugs may be advisable, their frequent use is highly prejudicial to the delicate organism upon which they act, and in order to renew their quieting effect increased and dangerous doses eventually become necessary.

Hostetter's stomach Bitters is an efficient substitute for such pernicious drugs. It quiets the nerves by bracing, toning, strengthening the nervous system and that of the organs of digestion. It is a whole system astringent in which the nerves come in for a large share. The Bitters is malaria, constipation, bilious and kidney trouble.

Many a man is living an honest life who wouldn't if the jail were farther off.

Use Emaline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell. Try Gormes for Breakfast.

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IT GIVES WARNING

that there's trouble ahead

—if you're getting thin.

It shows that your blood is impoverished, and your organs deranged, so that whatever you eat fails to properly nourish you. And just as long as you remain in this condition, Consumption, Pneumonia, and other Scrofulous and dangerous diseases are likely to fasten upon you.

You should build yourself up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Purify and enrich the blood, rouse every organ into natural action, and build up healthy, wholesome, necessary flesh.

Ocean Port, N. J.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—We have used your "G. M. D." in our family and find nothing else to equal it. One of our children had the pneumonia, and one lung became consolidated, but by the use of the "Discovery" she has entirely recovered, and is now in good health.

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